

A PARABLE

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Once it so happened that Charity fell among her enemies. Sin rushed from a hidden covert and brandished a fatal dart, but a look of divine pity from that serene face brought even a blush of shame to the hardened countenance of Sin, and she slunk back into the darkness from which she had emerged. Then came Hate, distorted and hideous with passion, but in a moment he covered his face and fled into a far wilderness. Next Ambition strutted loftily into the presence of Charity, his hand upon the hilt of his sword; but in a moment all his boasted courage was gone, and he groveled in the dust at her feet. At last Gossip appeared, a gaudy and painted figure waving a scented fan; and at the sight of this last enemy Charity fainted, and would have fallen and perished but for an unseen arm which snatched her away from the midst of her foes.

"Optimist" and "Pessimist"

Two boys went to gather grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said: "I am better today." The other said: "I was worse yesterday."

When it rains one man says, "This will make mud;" another, "This will lay the dust."

Two boys examined a bush. One observed that it had a thorn, the other, that it had a rose.

Two children looking thru colored glasses, one said: "The world is blue." And the other said: "It is bright."

Two boys having a bee, one got honey, and the other got stung. The first called it a honey bee; the other, a stinging bee.

"I am glad that I live," says one man. "I am sorry I must die," says another.

"I am glad," says one, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better."

One says: "Our good is mixed with evil." Another says: "Our evil is mixed with good."

Belated Love

I have known a husband to neglect his wife in his pursuit of pleasure or business, and when finally she died he wrung his hands over her dead body, called her his angel wife, said his heart was broken and home desolate, and climaxed the whole by having built over the unconscious body the finest marble monument in the graveyard. She asked for love and he gave her a stone. And I thought as I pondered over the whole scene that if some of the loving words he was pouring into the dead ear had been uttered in life, and if some of the dollars he had

spent on the coffin had been invested in a way to make life and body easier and less toilworn, she would have been the happy-faced wife and mother of the home circle instead of sleeping alone under the cedars and among the white monuments on the hillside.

What we want is kindness in life and not in death. It is not flowers scattered on her coffin lid that will make a woman happy, but a bunch of them tied together in the form of a bouquet and given her with the words, "I love you." That makes her pulses leap, the crimson come into her cheek, the light come into her eye, and the warm happy feeling rush to her heart.

The Work of a Grand Old Man

Occasionally even the daily secular press takes note of the death of a truly great man. It is rather refreshing to turn to an editorial in a daily paper such as the following from the Cincinnati Post:

When we think of the life of Bishop Wm. Taylor the mind becomes active with thoughts of the Crusaders of old, who placed their lives at the disposal of an idea and died smiling.

A braver man than Bishop Taylor never lived. His fame is world-wide, and his influence was as broad as humanity.

Many years ago he was a missionary in California, on the edge of civilization. Then he went to Canada for five years, and was next found in Australia. From there he traveled to Africa, laboring among the blacks for two years. Next Bishop Taylor was in the West Indies, then back to Australia for a year; then in India. In six years he established 51 preachers and a number of self supporting missions.

A mere biography can't deal with the man's calm zeal, his great faith, his energy and his utter refusal to be deterred or discouraged by obstacles. He didn't know fear, and he had cheerfully dedicated his life to the welfare of his fellow-men.

In 1884 he was made Bishop of Africa, and for years he worked among the savage tribes. He was not only a missionary, but an explorer. He had a steamboat made in England, shipped to him in sections, and navigated it on the upper Congo.

At 73 most men are preparing to drop the burdens of life. At 73 Bishop Taylor made a 1500 mile trip into an almost unexplored part of Africa, doing good. In 1898 he was retired for age and till his death lived at Palo Alto, Cal.

His physical vigor was wonderful. He was a walker. He made journeys of hundreds of miles on foot. He lived simply. For 50 years he slept with a block of wood for a pillow. He was in every way a plain man.

He had his work to do and did it without a complaint. He had other peculiarities. He didn't care for money. As far as his

personal wants were concerned, he was indifferent to it. In the 50 years of his very active life thousands of dollars passed thru his hands. He used it for humanity.

The name of his church?

Can that matter? Isn't a truly good man, an unselfish worker, greater than any creed? Bishop Taylor belonged to the world.

Our Young People

NATIONAL PROSPERITY

Proverbs 14:34. Deuteronomy 6:10-13.

Topic for Sunday, June 29

HOME READINGS

Mon. June 23, God on our side, Ps. 124:1-8.
Tues. " 24, Choose! Josh. 24:11-17.
Wed. " 25, God's requirements, Deut. 10:12-22.
Thur. " 26, False leaders, Deut. 13:1-5.
Fri. " 27, National penalties, Jer. 25:1-11.
Sat. " 28, National safety, Isa. 45:20-25.

All young people eagerly look for the coming of Independence day. It means a day of freedom, and the energies usually restrained are allowed to caper as they will in seeking to express the joy of freedom. But our national birthday ought to mean more than a day of noisy celebration. It would be better not to have a birthday than to make a failure of life. Our country has grown great only thru certain conditions and if these are forgotten the day of greatness may pass away. It is good to reflect upon the blessings we enjoy as a people but let us not forget to look up with gratitude to Him who gave them and seek to know how he would have us use all these blessings.

SCRIPTURE HELP

1 The source of prosperity. Ps. 144:10-15. Back of all visible manifestation or causes of prosperity is the supreme cause—the loving providence of God. No nation which leaves God out of its thought can enjoy enduring favor.

2 As the Lord is the giver he is the owner of all wealth. Ps. 24:1. Nations like individuals are not owners but stewards of wealth. What is the difference between an owner and a steward?

3 Right is better than riches. Prov. 16:8. No amount of gold can purchase ointment that will stop the sting of outraged conscience. Is any course of action right for a nation which would be wrong for an individual?

4 Covetousness a sin. Isa. 5:8. The modern monopolies are new fruits of an old spirit. It is the old selfishness. It is the love of money which is the root of all kinds of evil. This spirit of avarice is as ugly and destructive in nations as in persons. How do nations show the spirit of covetousness? What kind of expansion is right?

5 Rulers are used as God's agents. Rom. 13:1-6. Does God use even bad rulers for good? What should be our attitude toward our rulers?

6 Prosperity thru peace. Isa. 2:4. War is not normal nor permanent. It represents the mistakes and failures of men and while it may settle some issue of importance it cannot give enduring prosperity. Peace is the end to be sought. How may we encourage peace? When may we expect permanent peace?

7 The everlasting kingdom. Rev. 21:24. This is the spiritual kingdom whose law is love and whose ruler is the Christ. Where it prevails prosperity is found. The best work we can do for the world will be to make known this kingdom.

QUESTIONS

- 1 In what ways has God blessed our country?
- 2 How can our people as a nation best show gratitude for its blessings?
- 3 How can we best celebrate July 4th.